

ATTENTION, OWNERS OF  
Pianos and Pianola Pianos  
YOU CAN ONLY SECURE THE  
**METROSTYLE  
AND THEMODIST MUSIC**  
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## AMUSEMENTS.

**NATIONAL** To-night at 8:15.  
Matinee to-day at 2:15.  
Nights, 50c, 75c, \$1, \$1.50, \$2.  
FREDERICK THOMPSON'S Production.  
**GIRLIES** with JES. CAWTHORN  
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COMPANY OF 100—CHORUS OF 60.

**ELMENDORF**  
To-morrow, PARIS and Its  
4:30 P. M.  
SEATS—50c, 75c, \$1.00. Now on Sale.  
Next Week—Seat and Box Sale Tomorrow.  
JOS. M. GATES' Magnificent Production.  
**THRETTWINS**  
WITH  
**CLIFTON CRAWFORD**  
MME. MARCELLA  
**SEMBRICH** FRIDAY  
4:30  
Seats on sale at T. Arthur Smith's,  
1411 F St.

**COLUMBIA** To-night, 8:15  
Mats. Thrs. & Sat.  
HENRY B. HARRIS Presents  
AMERICA'S YOUNGEST STAR,  
**ELSIE FERGUSON**  
In a new four-act play,  
**AMBITION**  
NEXT WEEK SEATS NOW  
ON SALE.  
FORREST HALSEY'S NEW PLAY,  
**"MY MAN"**  
Dramatized from His Famous Novel,  
"THE QUALITY OF MERCY"

**Bostonia Sextette Club**  
**COLUMBIA THEATRE**  
Nov. 9th, 4:30 P. M.  
FIRST OF  
**Radcliffe Concert Series**  
Single Admission, 50c, 75c, and \$1.  
Season Tickets, Good for This Attraction and Three  
Others, \$2.00.

**ACADEMY** MATS. THRS.,  
THURS. & SAT.  
PRESTON GIBSON'S LATEST SUCCESS,  
**The Turning Point**  
Next Week—"THE WHITE CAPTIVE"

**CASINO**  
THE BEST  
**VAUDEVILLE**  
SHOW IN TOWN  
MATINEES, 1,000 SEATS, 10c

**GAYETY** Ninth St.  
Near F.  
All this week. Matinee daily.  
The Great  
**STAR AND GARTER SHOW**  
Offering  
**The Flirting Widow**  
With a Large Grandstand Chorus  
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**NEW LYCEUM** Matinee Daily  
ALL THIS WEEK,  
**Rector Burlesquers**  
WITH  
**JAMES FRANCIS SULLIVAN**  
NEXT WEEK—"JOLLY GIRLS"

**AVENUE GRAND THEATRE**  
645-649 Pa. ave. se.  
Washington's Favorite Family Theater.  
BEST VAUDEVILLE, PICTURES AND MUSIC.  
PRICES 10c. and 50c.

**NEW HOWARD THEATRE**  
THE HOWARD STOCK CO.  
IN THEIR GREAT  
**Minstrel Carnival**  
MATINEES THURSDAY AND SATURDAY.  
SEATS NOW ON SALE.

**MOVING PICTURES.**  
**THE PLAZA**  
434 NINTH STREET N. W.  
12 NORTH TO 11 P. M.  
TO-DAY'S BILL:  
HANK AND LARKY LIFE-SAVERS.  
THE MASQUERADE COP  
IN THE MOUNTAINS OF KENTUCKY.  
GALLAGHER.  
5c 5c 5c

**ALHAMBRA THEATRE,**  
519 Seventh Street N. W.  
**The Biggest Show in Town**  
ADMISSION AT ALL TIMES, 5c.  
New Picture Daily.  
WILLIAM AIRLEY, Manager.  
A Biograph Picture Every Day.

**MAJESTIC**  
Think of it—24 people on the bill  
at each show, for 10c.

## AMUSEMENTS.

**BELASCO** To-night  
At 8:20  
Wed. 25c to \$1. Sat. Mat. 50c to \$1.50.  
GOOD SEATS FOR ALL PERFORMANCES.  
Next moments in Madame X. —Herald.

**HENRY W. SAVAGE**  
OFFERS  
**MAJESTIC**  
6-Pages Play Booklet Free at Box Office.

**FORBES-ROBERTSON**  
in "The Passing of  
the Third Floor Back"

**Chase's** POLITE  
VAUDEVILLE  
Daily Matinee, 5c. Evening, 25c, 50c, and \$1.  
One of the Greatest Weeks in Washington's History.

**DAINTY ALICE LLOYD,**  
The Celebrated English Comedienne, The World's  
Leading and Most Lovable Lyric Artist, in Her  
Matinee, 5c. Evening, 25c, 50c, and \$1.  
Clement and Eschell—Songs and Sketches.  
FRANK RICE—The General Comedy.  
WARD & CULLEN—Comedy Singing and Playing.

**THE ARCADE** 14th Street and  
SKATING  
ADMISSION TO BUILDING FREE.  
GENERAL ADMISSION, 10c.  
SKATING—Morning and Afternoon.  
Couple's Ticket, Including Admission and Skates, 50c.  
Dancing, 8:20 to 11:30 P. M.  
Admission, 25c.  
Special Rates for Clubs. Mrs. Mattingly's Dancing  
Class Every Wednesday and Friday Evening, 7:30  
to 9:30, 25c Per Lesson.

**COSMOS** 1 to 11 P. M.  
Admission, 10c. Reserved Seats, 50c.  
ROBERT HILDETHREY & Co.—Dramatic Comedy.  
HILDETHREY & Co.—Dramatic Comedy.  
CLEMENT and ESCHELL—Songs and Sketches.  
FRANK RICE—The General Comedy.  
WARD & CULLEN—Comedy Singing and Playing.

**Connors of good food pronunciation**  
**KARNEY'S**  
Oysters, Fish, and Game without an  
equal. We made our reputation over  
50 years ago—and we've held it ever  
since.  
Come after the theater and hear  
Messrs. Chick and Roth, the well-known  
vocalists.  
Music at All Meals.  
Private Dining and Banquet Room.  
Open Sunday, 12:30 to 1:30 P. M.

**PLACES OF INTEREST.**  
Library of Congress—Open 9 a. m. to 10 p. m. on  
secular days; from 2 p. m. to 10 p. m. on Sundays  
and on certain holidays. During July, August, and  
September, closes 1 p. m. Saturdays.  
Public Library—Open 9 a. m. to 9 p. m.; holidays,  
9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Sundays, 2 to 5 p. m.  
White House—Open 10 a. m. to 2 p. m.  
United States Capitol—Open 9 a. m. to 4:30 p. m.  
Occasional Gallery of Art—Open (free) Tuesday,  
Thursday, Saturday, 9:20 a. m. to 4 p. m.; Sunday,  
12:30 to 4:30 p. m. Other days, 5c admission.  
State, War, and Navy Departments—Open 9 a. m.  
to 2 p. m. The original Declaration of Independence  
is in the library at the State Department.  
United States Treasury—Open 9 a. m. to 2 p. m.  
National Museum—Open 9 a. m. to 4:30 p. m. (in-  
cluding holidays).  
United States Pension Bureau—Open 9 a. m. to 4  
p. m.  
United States Post-Office—Open 9 a. m. to 2 p. m.  
Washington City Post-Office—All hours.  
The Dead Letter Office is in the Post-Office.  
National Botanic Garden—Open 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.  
Fish Commission—Open 9 a. m. to 4:30 p. m.  
Army Medical Museum—Open 9 a. m. to 4:30 p. m.  
National Museum—Open 9 a. m. to 4:30 p. m. (in-  
cluding holidays).  
Agricultural Department—Open 9 a. m. to 4:30  
p. m.  
Bureau of Engraving and Printing—Open 9 a. m.  
to 5:30 p. m.  
Washington Monument (554 feet in height)—Open  
8:30 a. m. to 4:30 p. m. (Elevator runs from 9 a. m.  
to 4 p. m.).  
Smithsonian Institution—Open 9 a. m. to 4:30  
p. m. (including holidays).  
Government Printing Office—Open 10 a. m. to 2  
p. m.  
Navy Yard—Open 9 a. m. to 5:30 p. m.  
Southwest Cottage, 36th and Prospect ave.,  
Key Mansion—Home of Francis Scott Key, author  
of "The Star-Spangled Banner," 3513 M street north-  
west. Open daily, except Sunday, 9 a. m. to 5:30  
p. m. Admission free.  
IN THE SUBURBS.  
Arlington National Cemetery.  
Mount Olivet Cemetery.  
National Training School for Boys.  
Bladensburg.  
Zoological Park (open all day).  
Rock Creek Bridge and Park.  
Cherry Chase and Kensington.  
Naval Observatory—Open 9 a. m. to 3 p. m.  
Mount Vernon—Home and tomb of Washing-  
ton—Open 11 a. m. to 5 p. m.  
United States Soldiers' Home—Open 9 a. m. to 5  
p. m.  
United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.

**Why They Sulked.**  
Mrs. Hubble—I wonder why they all  
laughed when I spoke to-day at the  
Woman's Club?  
Hubble—What was the topic?  
Mrs. H.—Well, we were discussing  
"What shall we do with our ex-Pres-  
idents," and I said I was in favor of abol-  
ishing the office of ex-President altogether.

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the  
Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fitch*

## The House of L-Luck

By BLANCHE EARDLEY.

## CHAPTER XIII.

In the Toils.  
For a moment Rosemary gazed at him  
in speechless bewilderment. His words  
conveyed nothing to her brain except a  
hideous sensation that she was being  
made the subject of some awful joke.  
Craven's voice came to her from a long  
distance.

"So you see you have no right to call  
yourself either 'Fenchester' or 'Frenchie.'  
You are married—legally and irrevocably  
married."

"Oh, it can't be true!" she moaned.  
"How can a marriage be binding when  
it was arranged by fraud and lies with  
a purpose to cheat others? I did not  
know, I thought I was doing a kind ac-  
tion, and instead I was only a dupe."

Craven shrugged his shoulders. "My  
dear girl, why rake up the thing now? It  
is done. Nothing on earth except death  
can free you from this marriage, and  
Usher does not look as though he were  
going to die just yet. He thinks," he  
went on, "that you were really the girl  
who died in the Charing Cross Hospital  
from the accident in the fog. I let him  
think so, and he was quite satisfied at  
the speedy end to his marriage de-  
convenance. So you see, my dear girl,  
him, because he played his role of dying  
man so well he did not even see your  
face."

Rosemary looked at him contemptuously.  
"What am I to do?" she said, slowly.  
"How can I stay here while I know that  
I am as big a fraud as you and your  
friend? When I came here I hoped that  
I had escaped that awful memory for-  
ever, and now I shall have to face it  
into the work again, knowing that I  
have brought ruin upon the man—"

She paused suddenly and blushed. She  
had been about to say "the man she  
loved," but she had not right to say that  
now. She could never let him hold her  
in his arms again or kiss her, for she had  
raised a hateful barrier between them.  
She was more alone now than she had  
ever been before, because she had a  
double secret to guard and had no friend  
to go to for help.

"I will go away," she went on, dully.  
"At least, I shall not eat the salt of the  
people I have betrayed. I am not vile  
enough for that, though other people may  
be."

"If you take my advice," Craven said  
coolly, "you will stay on here, because  
if you go away Sir Douglas will only  
know you and demand an explanation, and  
you will bring everything upon your own  
head. Here no one knows except myself,  
and it is to my interests to keep your  
secret, which I will do always so long  
as you don't cross any plans I may  
make."

"Why are you staying here?" she said,  
suddenly. "What made you come here  
at all? You don't wish Sir Douglas and  
his mother any good for you, do you?  
and yet his cousin makes excuses about  
the car breaking down. I shall go to  
Sir Douglas and warn him," she finished,  
recklessly.

"That would be very foolish," he re-  
plied, lightly, "because you would bring  
more disgrace on yourself by doing  
that. Even Sir Douglas, did he wish  
to, could not save you from Lady Mal-  
laby's wrath."

Rosemary shivered at the thought of  
Stephen Usher, and if she is well enough  
to learn that his wife is the girl who  
has won her only son's affections, she  
will let herself go very strongly."

Rosemary shivered at the thought of  
how true his cruel words were. Lady  
Mallaby would certainly express herself  
even more bitterly than her son would,  
and the girl realized that she had no  
alternative save to keep silent or go  
away where she could never be traced.

"Well," Craven said, sharply, "which  
is it to be, peace or emery?"

She raised her head. "So long as I am  
in Luck House I will not discuss you or  
your sister and—that other man," she  
added with a flash. "But so far as I  
am concerned, it does not matter much  
either way what you do. By the time  
Sir Douglas and Lady Mallaby are told  
my wretched story I shall be too far  
away for their anger to hurt me."

Then, before he could say another  
word, she turned and left him, her grace-  
ful hand proudly tilted she was out of  
sight.

Philip Craven flung away his cigarette  
and muttered an oath. Though the girl  
had had to kneel down to his terms,  
yet there was something about her that  
he had failed to grasp. He had not seen  
of that fine order that even a blow such  
as she had received could not crush, and  
he knew that she meant what she said.  
She would keep to the promise he  
had forced from her, and would fight  
him to the bitter end.

"I don't know that I have done a good  
thing by being so sudden," he muttered.  
If she bolts, and this young fool, Mal-  
laby, follows after her, she will prob-  
ably blurt out the truth, and then in-  
quiries will follow, and the fat might  
be in the fire with a vengeance! She will  
be extolled into a heroine, and more dis-  
graceful things will happen to her. He  
must think of some plan that will really  
blacker her in the eyes of her romantic  
lover. I expect I shall have to consult  
with Laura, as she is half in love with  
Mallaby herself; she will be sure to have  
an idea handy for the elimination of her  
rival."

In the meantime Rosemary hurried  
back to the house. She wanted to be  
alone to think over the horrible thing  
that had happened to her. She was a  
distant girl to a miserable, haggard crea-  
ture, with a weight of sorrow on her  
shoulders that seemed almost too heavy  
for her to bear. What changes had taken  
place within twenty-four hours! The  
day before she had been, if not happy,  
at least content, and then had followed  
the first shock with the brother of the  
original Miss Frenchie. As she thought  
of all these things she groaned aloud,  
and the next moment a voice echoed  
laughingly, and glancing up she saw the  
man whom she had more cause to hate  
than any one else, unless it was Philip  
Craven.

She showed coldly, and would have  
passed him, but Stephen Usher said  
pleadingly:  
"Oh, Miss Frenchie, this is not social  
Fancy meeting a poor stranger and not  
even stopping to cheer his loneliness! I  
was going for a walk, I felt so dull!"

"Then why don't you go back to Lon-  
don?" she said, shortly. "It seems a pity  
your car should be so badly disabled,  
and I think Mr. Usher has a right to  
hit his lip and glance at her sharply.  
The night before he had been at-  
tracted by her lovely fragrance, that con-  
trasted so strangely with the full-blown  
charms of Laura Craven, and he felt  
inclined to indulge in a flirtation, should  
he find time from his more pressing pur-  
suits; but this decidedly hostile attitude  
pledged his curiosity and made him want  
to be on more friendly terms with her.  
He wondered, as he glanced at the lovely,  
prudent profile, whether she was Mallaby's  
sweetheart, and the keen desire of the  
sportsman was roused in him by the  
thought of a rival.

"I was inclined to think it a pity my-  
self at first," he replied, easily; "but I  
feel glad now that the car has come a  
cropper, because this is the first clue  
we have had, Miss Frenchie."

As she listened to his smooth voice,  
Rosemary wondered how she was going  
to endure meeting this man, who was  
being married to her that day in Novem-  
ber! It was quite evident that Philip  
Craven had spoken the truth when he

had said that Usher really believed that  
she had been killed. His tone was so ab-  
solutely that of the man who wants to  
lay himself out to please a girl that it  
proved, without a doubt, that he had no  
idea of the real state of affairs. She  
walked along beside him in silence, until  
a sudden remark made her glance at him  
involuntarily.

"Do you know the grounds of Luck  
House well, Miss Frenchie?"  
She shook her head. "I can't say I  
do. They are so woody and rambling."

"I suppose you've heard about the story  
of buried treasure somewhere in the  
grounds?" he went on. "It seems impos-  
sible that such things can be believed in,  
doesn't it?"

"I suppose so," she answered, guard-  
edly, "though the legend gives the theory  
color."

"Ah!" he smiled. "You know the fa-  
mous legend, then? Did Sir Douglas tell  
you?"

Rosemary nodded. "Yes, I wish for  
his sake he could find it."

Usher flashed an amused glance at her.  
"Why do you wish that?"

"Because he would be able to do so  
many things that are impossible now,"  
she answered. "You see, the money that  
ought to have been his ancestors' is use-  
less as long as it is buried."

"Quite so," he answered. "Will you  
help him to find it, Miss Frenchie?"

Rosemary flushed. "Nothing would give  
me greater pleasure," she replied; "only  
unfortunately, Sir Douglas tells me that  
the one sure clue to the treasure has  
been stolen, so he has given up the idea."

"Perhaps it is as well," Stephen Usher  
said slowly. "The whole thing seems  
to be like a fairy tale. This poor old  
estate can't have much 'treasure' about  
it."

Rosemary did not reply. A sudden  
thought had flashed into her brain, mak-  
ing her almost dizzy with excitement.  
The miniature that had been stolen from  
Luck House, and which was now in her  
possession, had not been stolen by  
Stephen Usher or one of his accomplices,  
for how else could she have found it in  
that house where the marriage had taken  
place? The discovery gave her a clue to  
the treasure of Stephen Usher's self-im-  
posed visit to Luck House—she wanted  
to steal the supposed "treasure" that be-  
longed to Sir Douglas! That explained  
the strange "adventure" he and Philip  
Craven had had the night before; they  
had been reconnoitering the land! How  
glad she was that she had the mini-  
ature!

She paused abruptly and turned to the  
house, though he was quite in the ig-  
norance of the fact, was her "husband,"  
and said coldly:

"If you will excuse me now, Mr. Usher,  
I will go; I have a great deal to do. Per-  
haps I shall see you again before long."

He took his dismissal gracefully, but  
when she had disappeared he bit his lips.  
"Humph! What a little spitfire she is!  
I've a good mind to see if I can't win  
her over. I'd like to teach her to smile  
upon me."

He stroled into the village and bought  
a paper, then went back by a different  
path. As he reached the gate he saw a  
small boy walking up the drive; in his  
hand was a small envelope, which he was  
squeezing very tightly.

"Well, my boy," said Usher, "are you  
taking a message to any one?"

"Yes, sir," the boy replied. "I was to  
give it to the lady's maid."

"Oh, which lady? There are several at  
Luck House at present."

"Miss Frenchie, sir, the gentleman said  
it was very important."

"I see," Usher said slowly. "Well, as  
I am going up to the house you can take  
this shilling, and I will take the letter,  
which will be the same thing. I will  
give it to the lady for whom it is intend-  
ed."

The boy hesitated. The instructions he  
had received had been so peremptory, and  
he had promised so faithfully to give it  
to the lady herself that he felt a thrill  
of apprehension until he saw the shil-  
ling that the gentleman was holding out  
to him.

He gave the letter up, and pocketing  
the shilling, he was soon scampering  
down the drive, and was gone before the  
additional income he had derived.

Usher waited till the boy had dis-  
appeared, then taking his penknife he slit  
it under the flap of the envelope, which  
was a cheap one, and he found a slip of  
paper on which was written in a small  
hand, and he drew the letter out curi-  
ously. It was not addressed from any-  
where, and began:

"My Dear Sir: Don't forget the money you  
are to give me for your little secret. If I  
don't get it to-morrow by the first post in the morning  
I shall come up to Luck House, and you know  
what that means. You must meet me to-day at  
the same place, or nearer the house, where we  
can have a chat. I shall bring about the house  
in the afternoon, and if you have the money, then  
I advise you to meet me, as I don't intend to  
be missed."

"Humph! A charming letter!" Usher  
muttered. "So our demure little compan-  
ion has a secret, too, has she? I must  
study her. She may be worth it." Then  
he closed the letter again, and went on  
toward the house.

In the hall he saw Rosemary talking  
with the letter in his hand.

"Miss Frenchie, I met a small boy  
bringing me the letter you told me to  
look for. I have it here. I relieved him  
of the trouble!" he said.

Rosemary flushed as she took the let-  
ter. She knew who had sent it, and as  
her eyes met Sir Douglas' she saw that  
he was sure to find out.

As they were going in to lunch he drew  
her aside, unconscious of the fact that  
Laura Craven was watching them.

"Dearest, let me deal with that letter,"  
he said. "I know it has worried you,  
and I can guess who sent it."

"Oh, it does not matter," she mur-  
mured. "I don't suppose there is much  
in it, anyway! whatever it is I will try  
to deal with it myself."

He drew back with a hurt expression in  
his eyes.

"Then I won't trespass," he said, coldly.  
"I only wanted to save you annoy-  
ance."

Rosemary stole away by herself after  
lunch and read the letter with a sinking  
heart. She could not let the man have  
the £25. She had meant to ask Sir Dou-  
glas to advance it on her salary, but now  
that she could not do so, she felt that  
she could not do so. But she would  
meet him and see what he had to say.

TO BE CONTINUED TO-MORROW.

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**SUNLIGHTED CLOUDS OF OCTOBER.**  
Often October skies a mild charm wear,  
O'erclouded by nothing save a haze that veils  
With coolness hues, but shapes no sails  
For which the bold dare  
To ride celestial seas of tempest air.  
Where breath of man or wing of eagle fails,  
And the lone swimmer, even quies,  
Afloat o'er such unpeopled paths to fare.

But on this day of days, from zenith dome  
To where the sky beyond earth's empyrean dips,  
The argosies of cloudland wait or roam  
In blaze of emerald white or painted glow.  
The tropics of the sky are crowded ships,  
That only Love's transfigured yet may know,  
And the lone swimmer, even quies,  
Afloat o'er such unpeopled paths to fare.

**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup**  
Has been used for over SIXTY-FIVE YEARS by  
MILLIONS OF MOTHERS FOR THEIR CHILDREN  
WHILE TEETHING AND FOR ALL THE GRIEVS  
LAXES ALL PAIN, CURES COLIC AND ALL THE  
BEST REMEDY FOR DIARRHOEA. Sold by Druggists in  
all parts of the world. Be sure to get "Mrs. Winslow's  
Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.  
Twenty-five cents a bottle. Guaranteed pure and  
Free from any Harmful Ingredients. Number  
106. AN OLD AND WELL TRIED REMEDY.

## LAW CONCERNING COINS.

Using Them as Advertisements—How  
They May Be Mutilated.  
From the Chicago Tribune.

"Thousands of dollars are lost yearly by  
big firms through ignorance or careles-  
sness in observing the Federal laws gov-  
erning abuse of coins."

Just lately in Chicago a piano compa-  
ny came to grief in this way. Had they  
asked the proper authorities (the infor-  
mation would have been furnished gratis)  
or had they looked up the law they would  
have found in section 165, public act No.  
350, these words:

"Whoever fraudulently, by any art, way  
or means shall deface, mutilate, impair,  
diminish, falsify or lighten \* \* \* the  
gold or silver coins which have been or  
which may hereafter be coined in the  
mint of the United States \* \* \* shall  
be fined not more than \$2,000 and im-  
prisonment of not more than five years."

Much trouble and expense would have  
been saved the firm and the government  
had the law only been read.

It all happened in this way: Some  
clever advertiser conceived the idea of an  
"ad" of metal just the size of a dime,  
with the wording and printing placed  
in such a way that at first glance it  
would appear as a dime. The idea was  
devised, executed, and a fair imitation  
of the head of Liberty was on one side and  
the advertisement on the other. The  
number was placed where the date on a  
dime is and the first glance certainly  
impressed one as the real coin. The  
other side had a sheaf of wheat and in  
the center the words "On Time."

The firm had no desire to defraud the  
public. But unscrupulous people who had  
access to them did. Several waiters at  
a summer park lost money by accepting  
the advertisement for real money; chew-  
ing gum machines were filled with them  
and at last the Secret Service learned  
how matters were and began an in-  
vestigation.

There were 150,000 of the metals con-  
fiscated. Some stray ones, however, were  
in circulation and it took almost a year  
to "hunt them down."

Jewelry are guilty every day of com-  
mitting a criminal offense. Every day  
some one of them lays himself liable to  
the law. According to the ordinance  
quoted above, to mutilate money is an  
offense in the eyes of the law. Jewelry  
one side of a coin smooth and mono-  
gram it. The other side is perfectly good.  
Pins, bracelets, lockets and numerous  
other things are made. The owner never  
seems to care for the article for money. But  
some one gets hold of the pin or locket.  
They think the money would be more  
useful and so pass the coin with the  
pin or ring pulled off and the good side  
up.

To "change the complexion" of a coin  
also is an offense. That means to dip  
silver in gold. Only a few days ago a  
"lot" of shirt sets were confiscated and  
sent to Washington. The sets were made  
of Panama halfpennies gilded. Careless-  
ness of the law again.

The only kind of coin that can be worn  
is that so completely mutilated that there  
can be no chance of its being passing it  
for example, the filigreed dimes that the  
Mexicans make.

## LATEST FASHION.



**LADIES' WAIST.**  
All Seams Allowed.

The model illustrated is one that gives  
the effect of body and sleeve cut in one,  
but it is really in two pieces. The side  
section and sleeve are cut in one and  
joined to the front and back by a seam  
under the tuck. The tuck is stitched  
down only a few inches in the front and  
all the way down in the back. There  
is a simulated closing in the front, im-  
mated by a full of plaiting, but the real  
closing is in the back. The fullness at  
the waist is gathered in a pleum.  
There is a lining to this waist, and the  
upper part of the body and lower part of  
the sleeves are faced with all-over lace  
or tucking. The collar which finishes  
the neck is made of the same material.  
Silk, satin or velvet will make up hand-  
somer in this design, with yoke and  
sleeves as described above, or any of the  
soft wools may be used. The pattern  
(2184) is cut in sizes 22 to 42 inches, bust  
measure. To make the waist as repre-  
sented in the medium size will require  
3 1/2 yards of material 36 inches wide,  
with 1 1/2 yards of tucking 36 inches wide,  
and 2 yards of insertion, or of one mate-  
rial 3 1/2 yards 34 inches wide, 2 1/2 yards  
36 inches wide or 2 1/2 yards 44 inches wide.  
The above pattern can be obtained by  
sending 10 cents to the office of this  
paper.

**A CHAP TO SKIP.**  
The chap to skip on an ocean trip  
And the sort to leave behind,  
With his driving sort of nautical lore,  
Is the garrulous, windy kind.

How can figure who, if you let him try—  
And you needn't ask at that—looking  
How